

DERRICK's JESTS;
O R,
The WITS CHRONICLE.

CONTAINING

A pleasing Variety of REPORTEES, PUNS,
BON-MOTS, and other SPECIES of WIT
and HUMOUR,

Which passed between

SAMUEL DERRICK, Esq;
Late MASTER of the Ceremonies at BATH,
and other Persons distinguished for
their Wit and Humour.

ALSO

A COLLECTION of Poetical Pieces on
Various Subjects,

By Mr. DERRICK and Others.

Dedicated to the PUBLIC.

Bright as a Blaze, but in a moment done,
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun!

D. of Buckingham.

L O N D O N :

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W. Muggerave.



TO THE
P U B L I C:

LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN,

AFTER having spent some time in reflecting on the choice of a PATRON for this JEST BOOK, I am, at length, fixed in my opinion, that it cannot be dedicated to any one person with so much propriety as to THE PUBLIC.

Mr. Derrick, throughout his whole life, had many obligations to THE
PUBLIC;

PUBLIC ; and, indeed, *every* individual, in whatever relation he stands, is, or has been obliged to the same respectable body.—THE PUBLIC is an *universal* PATRON. It is to THE PUBLIC that the Poet is indebted for his reputation; and the Patriot for his popularity:—It is the voice of THE PUBLIC that sounds to the nations the blessings derived from a wise and virtuous king ; or as loudly declaims on the miseries brought upon them by one unfit to govern!—Is Virtue distressed?—She shall be succoured by THE PUBLIC.—Has honour received a stab?—THE PUBLIC is ready with a balm for the wound.—It is, in short, THE PUBLIC that calls forth genius, bids the fine arts flourish, and distinguishes and rewards every kind
of

of merit wherever it is found.—Who is, therefore, so proper as THE PUBLIC to become the *Patron* of WIT and HUMOUR?

There is another reason which will, perhaps, be allowed a forcible one, for *dedicating* this Book to THE PUBLIC, which is, that it has a right to be addressed on this occasion,—since the PATRON will generously pay for the DEDICATION.

It must be allowed that I might here, very consistently, introduce a panegyric on my Patron; but, contrary to the general rule of dedicators, I shall decline it,—from a conviction, that were I to expatiate on the innumerable virtues of so prodigious and respectable a body, I might swell my per-

performance to several volumes, and, at last, have as much to say as when I began.—Therefore, and as no person possesses an extraordinary share of merit without being sensible of it, I humbly appeal to the conscious PUBLIC for the PUBLIC's Virtues.—I must, however, beg leave to make a declaration, which, as it is truth, my PATRON will not refuse to hear, which is, that

I am, with the greatest

deference and respect,

THE PUBLIC'S

most obliged,

most obedient, and

most devoted

humble Servant,

The EDITOR

Derrick's Jests.

IT being said that a house in Bath was haunted by a Spirit, Derrick asked what Spirit, for (says he) *the SPIRIT of extravagance, gaming, and incontinence, has possessed the people here for many years.*

Mr. Derrick being in company with a French physician, and the discourse turning upon the different disorders incident to human nature, the doctor, among other remarks, said, that he believed the *Fistula in Ano* was first known in France.—*And how the deuce could that be?* says Derrick: *the Fistula is said to arise from a COLD in the Posteriors; but it is well known, the French always turn their Ar—s to the FIRE of their Enemies.*

Mr. Derrick having, by stratagem, got rid of some very troublesome companions, meeting a friend soon after, told him the circumstances, observing that few people would have thought of such an expedient, and asked him if he should: The gentleman, to disappoint him, replied, Yes. *Why then (says Derrick) you are not the fool I took you for.*

The definition of the word *wit*, being desired in a company where both Mr. Derrick and the D— of — were present, the former offered the latter a wager that he would give it sooner than any gentleman in company, and yet he would speak last: the offer was accepted, and when it came to Derrick's turn, "I am amazed (says he) " that so much time should have been " taken up in an enquiry into this matter " when it is so evident that *WIT* signifies " the D— of —." The D— laugh'd at the joke, but insisted he had no

lost the wager; however, the majority of the company being of a contrary opinion, he threw down his ten guineas, saying, *This is like a man's paying for a bastard child that he did not get;—I pay for the REPUTATION of being a Wit, and DERRICK is PROVED one.*

A fortune-hunter at Bath telling Mr. Derrick that he had got an excellent Phæton on the new plan, *I am rather of opinion (says he) that you got it on the OLD PLAN,—for I suppose you never intend to pay for it.*

Mr. Derrick having ordered a pot of tea to be brought to him in the long-room, and finding it extremely weak,—*Here, waiter, (says he) take this insipid stuff away; you put me in mind of the devil; our Saviour asked him for BREAD, and he gave him a STONE;—I called for TEA, and you have brought me THE WATERS.*

Mr. Derrick going into church, with an intimate acquaintance, at Bath, and omitting to hand three or four old ladies to their pews, his friend reproached him with want of politeness : *Don't be too severe* (says Derrick) *I have nothing to do with the church, I am paid only for being CEREMONIOUS at the LONG-ROOM.*

A gentleman having wrote an Eulogium on a certain nobleman who bore a very indifferent character, shewed it to Mr. Derrick, and desired his opinion : In the first Page Derrick was struck with the words, THOU PEERLESS PEER ;—*Oh, my dear friend* (says he) *this is an intolerable error—for heaven's sake strike it out, and let it stand—*YOUR GRACELESS GRACE !

A warm dispute arising at a coffee-house between a gentleman and Mr. Derrick, the former, in vindication of what he had advanced, offered a wager, saying, G—d damme,

damme, Sir, I'll lay you my soul to a t—d!
 Sir, (says Derrick) if you'll lay me the ODDS
 I'll take 'em.

A young Rake speaking of the rigorous
 behaviour of his father, said he so curtailed
 him in his pleasures, that he had absolutely
 broke his heart. Mr. Derrick being pre-
 sent, told him, that the only way to rid
 him of his restraint, was to prevail with his
 father to make him his coachman. What
 do you mean by that? (says the Spark).
 Why, then, says Derrick you might overset
 the old Hunks, and *break his neck*, by way
 of being even with him.

Mr. Derrick used to take great pleasure
 in telling the following story of the cele-
 brated Mr. *Leveridge*.

On a Saturday evening, *Leveridge*, in
 giving out the play, made a small mistake,
 and instead of saying, "On Monday next

“ will be presented, &c.” addressed the audience with—*ladies and gentlemen*, to-morrow will be—*To-morrow*, says a Buck from the pit) why *to-morrow's* Sunday!—“ I know it, my good friend, (says *Leveridge*) to-morrow there will be a charity-sermon preached at St. Paul's Covent-garden ; and on Monday, at this Theatre, will be presented the Recruiting Officer, with a Farce called Wit at a Pinch.” This turned the laugh of the audience, which was before against him, and he went off with an universal plaudit.

Mr. Derrick having, by some means, given a slight offence to a lady, which, however, she was very well disposed to pardon, on his asking it, a gentleman, who was an admirer of the lady, and a secret enemy to Derrick, prevented them from meeting, by falsely representing them to each other ; notwithstanding which, in a polite company where this quarrel was brought upon the
carpet,

carpet, he had the assurance to say, that he had *screened* Derrick from the lady's resentment. "I believe (says Derrick) you have stood between me and the *sun*."

In the early part of his life Mr. *Derrick* was very fond of acting, but, though a man of sense, he was but an indifferent player. One day, at a coffee-house in Bath, a comedian, universally acknowledged to be a mere imitator, was rather hard upon *Derrick*, and said, as a player, he might justly be called *an Original*, for any other man might labour all his life, and, at last, not get into so bad a method of playing. "Very possibly (says *Derrick*); it is, however, to my comfort, generally allowed, that a *bad original*, is better than a *good copy*."

Mr. *Derrick* used to entertain his friends with the following story: A friend of his, a single gentleman, had an Irish footman as guilty of bull-making as any jontleman of that

that country. The above gentleman having bought four pair of silk stockings, gave them to this fellow (who was his wardrobe-keeper) to take care of, but in less than a week two pair out of the four were lost: Paddy, with a sorrowful countenance, informed his master of the accident, and begged he would not be angry, for that he would answer for getting them again, as he had advertised them. “And how much did you offer as a reward?” says the gentleman.” “Four shillings a pair, Sir, says Paddy.” “Why thou incorrigible dog! (returns his master) can you be fool enough to suppose that eight shillings will recover two pair of *silk* stockings that did not cost me less than a guinea and a half?”—O! by Jafus, Sir, you are after mistaking if you suspect my cunning: I foresaw that as well as you,—and so, in the Advertisement, I made ’em believe the stockings were *wersted!*

Mr.

Mr. *Derrick* was at one time very poor, and being met by an old acquaintance who enquired where he lived? "*Live!*" says he, "I don't live any where,—but I *starve* in a garret at a Chandler's-shop by the side of Fleet-market."

An Irish friend of Mr. *Derrick's*, on seeing him in his coffin, exclaimed—Ah poor Sammy! till this time thou hast been continually amidst a scene of bustle and noise; but, thank God, art *now* still for once *in thy life time!*

In a tea table conversation, a certain lady of quality told Mr. *Derrick*, she had heard, that when he was a writer in the Review, he frequently imposed on the public, by bestowing great commendations on authors of no genius, merely because they were his friends. "Admitting this to be true, Madam, (answered he) I acted with more generosity than you do, for, whether friends

or foes, deserving or otherwise, you scandalize every body you know."

Mr. *Derrick* used to amuse the ladies with the following story.—A fruiterer's wife, and the lady of a cheese-monger meeting accidentally together at the house of an acquaintance, and happening to depart at the same time, on the lady fruiterer stepping first to the door,—“ Stop, Madam, says the other, *cheese* always precedes *fruit*!” and, pushing her aside, went down stairs before her.

Mr. *Derrick* having wrote a tragedy, carried it to the manager of one of the theatres, who promised to give it a reading, and if he approved of, to introduce it on the stage. Mr. *Derrick* went, at the time appointed, for his answer, and the Manager, (who happened to be shaving) told him he had read his tragedy, but that he did not think it calculated to succeed. On which Mr. *Derrick* desired him to return it. “ Faith,

Sir,

Sir, says the theatrical Gentleman, I don't at present know where it is,—but it is all one, put your hand into that bureau, and take two comedies and a farce instead of it."

Bestowing costly monuments on the dead, with encomiums on their virtues, being the subject of a conversation at a coffee-house in Bath, Mr. *Derrick* delivered himself as follows: It has ever been my opinion that it is mean to flatter the *living*; but to bestow undue praises on the *dead*, is downright stupidity:—when I shall die, I desire only a foot-stone to my grave, inscribed, *Pray don't piss here!*

Mr. *Derrick*, on a journey to Derbyshire, stopped at an inn, the landlord of which was lately dead. The disconsolate widow, on hearing who Mr. *Derrick* was, earnestly solicited him to write an epitaph on her deceased spouse, declaring, that out of the
six

six husbands she had had, not one of them was without a tomb-stone and *warfes*. Mr. *Derrick*, in compliance with her request, told her he would write an epitaph, and immediately went out among the neighbours to enquire the qualities of the deceased; and being informed that he was a man of prodigious bulk, and remarkable for nothing so much as stupidity and meanness, he wrote the following:

Three feet beneath this tomb-stone lies
 A BODY of *gigantic* size :———
 From nature, nature's self had stole;
 So— gave him but a *pigmy* SOUL :
 Tho' men despis'd him, *death*, still craving,
 Thought this *big little* THING worth having;
 But whether gone to heav'n or hell,
 No mortal cares—nor can I tell!

Mr. *Derrick* going through a country church-yard saw these words inscribed on a tomb-stone: *To remain till call'd for*. Upon which

which he immediately took out his pencil and wrote underneath: *Stay there and be d—n'd!*

Mr. *Derrick*, though no party man, could never bear to hear an absent person traduced and ridiculed: A Scotch gentleman at Bath exclaiming bitterly against Mr. Wilkes, and calling him in a very gross manner, *swivel-ey'd Jack*.——“Sir, says *Derrick*, this illiberal behaviour is entirely derogatory from the character of a gentleman:—it is cruel to sport with imperfections we cannot help;—every man has his share of them.—Mr. Wilkes's greatest blemish is in his eyes, yours is in your heart!

Mr. *Derrick* used to tell the following story with much glee. He one day sent his foot-boy with a message to a gentleman whose name was Mr. *Hodges Podger*. The boy went to the street as directed, but not being able, at once, to find the house, he

C

knocked

knocked at another person's door, and, mistaking the name, asked if Mr. *Hodge Podge* was at home?—“*Hodge Podge!* (says the servant maid) why, ye little Puppy, does this house look like a *cook's shop!* and directly flung the door in his face.

Some ladies in the Long-room observing that Mr. *Derrick* was a smart fellow, a gentleman chose to exercise his wit, by immediately asking him who was his taylor.—“Oh, Sir, says *Derrick*, he won't do for you,—he deals for ready money only.

Mr. *Derrick* having wrote a little poem called *The Female Libertine*, lady ***** said she supposed the characters which he had drawn were entirely the work of fancy;—“No, upon honour madam, says he, from page 5 to page 8, relates entirely the intrigue of your ladyship with the — of —.

Mr. *Derrick* one morning visiting a gentleman, was asked to stay dinner, which he accepted of; the gentleman stepped into another room, and told his wife whom he had invited, and desired her to provide something extraordinary, at which she made many words, and her husband was, at length, so provoked by her behaviour, that he told her, if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors: Upon which *Derrick*, who had heard all that passed, stepped out, crying, "I beg, Sir, you will make no stranger of me."

The Chevalier *Deveazeau* was boasting of his family at a coffee-house where Mr. *Derrick* was present, and, among other things, said, "The richest blood of France flows in my veins." On which *Derrick* answered, "Perhaps so, but you should not mention this in England; I will bet

C 2

you

you ten guineas to one, that my blood is richer and purer than yours, and we will, if you please, immediately put it to proof by the sword." However, the Chevalier would by no means agree to this; but observed, that though he was confident of the *purity* of his blood, he would not say he had so much to *spare* as Mr. *Derrick*, he being the younger man. "Sir, says *Derrick*, all the gentlemen of your country seem to act upon your principle, for I never met with a Frenchman in my life who would not much rather save his blood, than spill it."

It being disputed, while lady ———, who has a remarkable red face, was present in the Long-room, when there would be an *Eclipse* of the *Sun*,—"It will be— (says *Derrick*) let me see—ay, it will be, whenever lady ——— shall hid her *beauties* in a *veil*!

There

There was, some years ago, a society in this metropolis called *The Court of Humour*, the members of which met once a week for the purpose of trying petit causes. To this meeting Mr. *Derrick* was invited; and when the Lord Judge, in summing up the evidence on one of the trials,—pronounced, with great gravity, “I must here desire to *pause*.”——“My Lord, with submission (says *Derrick*) give me leave to fill up your *paws*,—and immediately presented his Lordship with a large bowl of negus.

Mr. *Derrick* once went to see the tragedy of Richard the third performed by a country company; the person who played Richard was as wretched a performer as ever disgraced the Buskin; and when he came to the scene where he says to Buckingham, “Bring the mayor and aldermen to see me here.” “If they see you once, says *Derrick*,
 C 3

rick, I'll be damn'd if ever they come again."

One of those troublesome gentry called Meal-hunters, one day invited himself to dine with Mr. *Derrick*: The dinner consisted of some fish and a fine piece of roast beef; the gentleman helped himself about half a dozen times, and approved highly of Mr. *Derrick's* taste in preferring the roast beef of Old England to those flimsy kick-shaws so much in fashion, adding, "Here's cut and come again." "Sir (says *Derrick*) you may cut,——but damme if ever you come again."

Mr. *Derrick* was fond of repeating the following anecdote of the Count de ——— a French nobleman, as remarkable for wit as gallantry. This gentleman being one evening in the stage box theatre in Paris to see the opera, when one of the principal female singers came on, he addressed her in

a free manner, saying, "On my soul, Madam, you look charmingly to-night!" The lady made no answer, but immediately gave him a slap on the face. Fired with resentment at such a piece of impoliteness, he did not know how to revenge himself. He considered she was a woman,—and yet a Frenchman never receives a blow.— However, he soon recovered from his confusion, and, stepping up to the lady, took her round the waist, and fairly turned her upon her head; then gently setting her on her legs again, he bowed to the audience, saying, "My countrymen will, I hope, be satisfied that it was not a *man* who struck me."

A gentleman being much offended with Mr. *Derrick* for behaving with some little innocent familiarity to his lady in his presence, told him he did not behave like a gentleman, and added, angrily, "If you think I shall put up with it I am not the man you take me for."—"Sir (says *Derrick*)

I don't pretend to be a conjurer, but I take you for a cuckold — am I right, madam ?”

A talkative gentleman boasting that he had been instructed in the *art of speaking* by the celebrated *Quin*. “ Sir, (says *Derrick*) this company would have thought themselves more highly obliged to that gentleman had he taught you the *art of holding-in your tongue*.”

Mr. *Derrick*, from a slight indisposition, neglected to shave for some days; being visited by a coquettish lady to whom he had made some pretensions of love, upon seeing him, she exclaimed, “ Lord, *Derrick*, I declare one may lead you by the *beard*.” He, bowing, answered, “ You know, Madam, I have yet expressed no dissatisfaction, but have been very contentedly long led by the *nose*.”

Mr.

Mr. *Derrick* travelling in company with an old lady, whose face was covered with blotches and running sores, at dinner could not bear to drink out of the same vessel with her, therefore called for a different kind of liquor, which was brought in a pot with a lip to it; the lady seizing this, a little confused him; but, being very thirsty, and fearful of observation, he, with some difficulty, compelled himself to take a sup, with this precaution, he put his mouth to the lip of the pot, when the lady squal'd out, "Lord, lord, that gentleman's just like me, for I always drink at the lip."—What followed would not come within the bounds of decency, — but Mr. *Derrick* was so affected that he never after travelled in a stage.

Mr. *Derrick* coming out of a country church, being asked by the curate for a pinch of snuff, said he had not a pinch left, having taken an ounce during the sermon,
but

but *all* would not keep him awake, then turning to a companion, said, "By G--d his sermon was not worth a pinch of snuff."

A gentleman bragging that he was promised the lease of the next house that *fell*, "Sir, (says *Derrick*) had it been my case, I should rather have desired the lease of a house that *stood*."

Mr. *Derrick* used frequently to banter a gentleman who frequented Bath, and who was suspected of impotency: This gentleman meeting *Derrick* one day, said to him, with an air of great satisfaction, "Now where's your jokes about my manhood, there's my wife just brought to bed of a fine chopping boy." "Dear Sir, replied the other, your lady's abilities were never called in question."

Mr. *Derrick* one day condoling with an Irish gentleman whose father had lately died,

— "Well

—“ Well, (says Paddy) it does not signify grieving, for it's what we must all come to —if we do but *live* long enough !”

A young rake saying, in public company, that he remembered every thing he lent, but nothing he borrowed, “ Why then, Sir, says *Derrick*, it may be very justly said, that you have lost half your memory.”

At a private masquerade *Derrick* appeared in the character of a cook, and being met by Lord ———, was desired to dress a couple of pork chops: “ Sir replied *Derrick*, as you are the only hog in company, I must then beg leave to cut them from your carcase.”

Some years before Mr. *Derrick* was master of the ceremonies, he went from London to Cambridge on a visit; his friends made him so welcome that, owing to hard drinking, he could never rise till dinner time: being

one

one day asked how he liked the place, he replied, "Very well, but that there was no forenoon at it."

Mr. *Derrick* being on a visit at a gentleman's house at Bath, a young lady, to entertain the company, obliged them with a tune on the harpsichord: While she was playing, a female friend of Mr. *Derrick's* asked him who was the goddess of music; *Venus*, says he. "*Poh!*" replies she, you banter." "No upon honor," returns *Derrick*, "if you doubt, appeal to her, — for there she sits."

Dr. ——— boasting of his great physical skill, said he never heard any complaint from those he had under his care: "No," says *Derrick*, "for the faults of physicians are buried with their patients."

Mr. *Derrick* having lent a couple of guineas to a young rake at Bath, of whom he

never

never expected payment, was greatly surprised at being punctually paid at the time appointed. The same person, a short time after, desiring Mr. *Derrick* to lend him a larger sum,—“No, no, (says he) you have *deceived* me once, but you shall not *deceive* me a second time ”

A gamester at Bath told Mr. *Derrick* he had a monkey that was the very picture of him—“That may be, (says *Derrick*) for it is allowed that a monkey very much resembles the human species, but the animal you speak of, if I am not mistaken, has two qualities which you possess in a very high degree: the first is, that he is extremely mischievous; and the other, that he is very much given to *biting*.”

A lady of distinction meeting Mr. *Derrick* in the long-room, told him his old friend lady ——— was just delivered — “Of a boy, or a girl,” says *Derrick*,—

D

“Neither

“Neither, replies the lady, of a husband, you toad! and he’s to be buried to-morrow.”

A lady of fashion and beauty inveighing bitterly against smugglers,——Mr. *Derrick* interrupted,——“Hold, Madam, be not too severe; I believe it will be found that the blackness of your crimes far exceeds theirs:—the people you are railing against smuggle only a few common goods, for which they run the risk of losing their lives; but you, without any danger to yourself, absolutely have *smuggled* the affection of every person in Bath, insomuch that it is very probable a vote will speedily be passed to expel you the long-room.

Mr. *Derrick* was very fond of exercising his wit upon the clergy; and, among other things, used to relate the following story of one of that cloth:——A clergyman, who had led a very dissolute life about town for many

years

years, at last made interest to be chaplain to a gentleman who was going abroad in a public character. The Envoy told him, he had been thoroughly informed of his vicious courses ; yet that should be no obstacle to his preferment, was he not still wanting of one *vice* more. The parson, amazed at a complaint of his deficiency in wickedness, impatiently desired to be informed in what he had failed ? The Envoy replied, “ *Hypocrisy* to cover all the rest.”

Mr. *Derrick*, being in a company, among whom there was a gentleman who was remarkable for a kind of rude satyrical wit, and who having levelled his jeers at almost all present, chiefly by mimicking their voices, gestures, or *taking them off*, as it is commonly called ; Mr. *Derrick* expecting it would presently come to his turn, got up, and was going away. When being asked the reason of his leaving the company so soon, he replied, “ In order to save the
D 2 gentleman

gentleman the trouble of taking me off, I think it is best to take myself off;" and so departed.

Mr. L——, the great arithmetician, having been married a considerable time without having any children, Mr. *Derrick* said, "that he understood all the rules of arithmetic except *practice* and *multiplication*."

A certain lady having made a very large acquaintance among the beaux and pretty fellows at Bath, was asked by Mr. *Derrick*, what she would do with them all? "O! says she, they pass off like the waters." "And pray, Madam, replied he, do they pass off the same way?"

Mr. *Derrick* once going into a meeting-house, accidentally stumbled over one of the forms that were set there. "Pox take it, said he, who would have expected *set forms* in a meeting-house."

A gentleman expressing his surprise that that a celebrated painter could paint such pretty faces in pictures, and yet get very homely children,—“Oh! Sir, says *Derrick*, he makes the first by *day-light*,—and the other in the *dark*.”

Shortly after *Mr. Derrick* was elected master of the ceremonies, a great clamour was raised against him, on account of his having overlooked a certain woman of fashion in making his application to the nobility and gentry. *Mr. Quin* was at this time at Bath, and, as he was supposed perfectly to understand punctillo's of this sort, his advice was accordingly asked. “My lord, (said he to the nobleman who applied to him) if you have a mind to put *Derrick* out, do it at once, and clap an extinguisher over him.”

Quin's advice was taken, and Mr. Derrick was for some time supplanted by a French gentleman : However, the company at Bath were not, in general, so well satisfied with Monsieur, as they were with his poetical predecessor. Mr. Derrick, during his banishment, and after he was restored, exerted his talents in ridiculing those who had been instrumental in dethroning him ; and, as he could not forget the advice Quin had given, he wrote the following epigram upon that gentleman :

When Quin, of all grace and all dignity void,
Murder'd Cato, the censor, and Brutus
destroy'd ;

He strutted, he mouth'd,—you no passion
cou'd trace

In his action, delivery, or plumb-pudding
face ;

When he massacred Comus, the gay god of
mirth,

He was suffer'd, because we of actors had
dearth,

But

But when Foote, with strong judgment and
 and genuine wit,
 Upon all his peculiar absurdities hit;
 When Garrick arose, with those talents and
 fire
 Which nature and all the nine Muses
 inspire,
 Poor GUTS was neglected, or laugh'd off
 the stage;
 So, bursting with envy, and tortur'd with
 rage,
 He damn'd the whole town in a fury, and
 fled,
*Little BAYES an extinguisher clapp'd on his
 head.*
 Yet we never shall Falstaff behold so well
 done,
 With such character, humour, such spirit
 and fun,
 So great that we knew not which most to
 admire,
 Glutton, parasite, pander, pimp, lecher,
 or liar;—

He

He felt as he spoke ;— nature's dictates are true ;

When he acted the part, his own picture he drew.

Mr. Derrick being once importuned by a limb of the law and a quack, to determine which of their professions were most honest, silenced them both by saying, " He thought they were disputing about a thing which neither of them had the least pretensions to. If, indeed, continued he, the question had been which of the two was most roguish, it might have been very easily determined, for it could then, methinks, have been reduced to this simple question, *Which is the greatest rogue, he who robs you of your money, or he who deprives you of your life ?*"

A gentleman who had had several wives, paid his addresses to a widow lady at Bath ; and it being remarked that he was a great duellist,— " Then (says Mr. Derrick) the match

match will be the more apropos,— for the lady has *killed her man.*”

One night, at the assembly-room at Bath, a very prim lady, who pretended to great modesty, chanced to sit next lady ———, no sooner perceived it, than she was in a violent flutter, and said, “She was surprised the master of the ceremonies did not know better how to dispose of company, and keep out people of bad character,” and was upon the point of quitting her seat to place herself in a vacancy at the opposite side of the room, when lady ——— burst into a loud laugh, saying, “Pray, Madam, do you think whoring is catching?”

Mr. *Derrick* being one evening at a tavern with a theatrical gentleman, the latter endeavoured to force the former to drink more than he cared for, and swore, if he did not pledge him, he would run him thro’ the body. “Why then (says Mr. *Derrick*)

to

to save you that trouble, I'll e'en *run* myself through, and *pledge* you afterwards;”— upon which he ran out at the door down stairs, and left the player as a *pledge* for the reckoning.

Mr. *Derrick* being invited to dine with Lord——, after two or three healths, his Lordship gave The Ministry, but *Derrick* endeavoured to avoid drinking it, by telling a gentleman who sat next him a story: At last his Lordship, observing his toast did not go round, asked,——“ Gentlemen, where sticks The Ministry ? ”——“ At nothing,” says *Derrick*, and so drank off his glass.

Two gentlemen going very hungry into the White-Lion at Bath, ordered a couple of ducks to be roasted for supper, which were brought upon table just as Mr. *Derrick* came in to speak with one of them about business: They went out together, and while they were absent, the remaining gentleman

gentleman fairly eat up all the supper. When they returned the other gentleman was astonished, and asked Mr. *Derrick* what he thought of his companion? "Why, I think, (says *Derrick*) that he is a very foul feeder."

Though Mr. *Derrick's* behaviour to the ladies was in general polite, he would sometimes make complaisance give way when he had an opportunity of saying a good thing: — A very ordinary lady one day asking him his opinion of *patching*. — "Oh! Madam, said he, *patch* by all means, but wear only *one*, — and let that be a *mask*."

The daughter of a haberdasher who came down to Bath to drink the waters, being offered some indecency by *Quin*, spit plump into his mouth. — *Derrick* being told of it, said "that he never knew a *naughty* trick done in so *clean* a manner."

A cer-

A certain tragedian making his complaint to Mr. *Derrick* that the managers insisted on his playing the character of *Iago*, which he thought himself very unfit for, “Poh! (says *Derrick*) you can’t do it otherways than well,—since you are constantly rehearsing it.”

Lord C—— was asked once why he preferred playing with sharpers to gentlemen? “Why, said he, if I play with sharpers and win, I am sure to be paid; but if I win of gentlemen, they frequently behave so genteely that I get nothing but *words* and *polite apologies* for my money.”

The same nobleman one night lost a hundred pounds more than he had about him without knowing it; when the winner, who happened to be present at his making the above declaration, very pertinently asked him,—“Pray, my lord, are you a *sharper* or a *gentleman*?”

Mr.

Mr. *Derrick* was one night drinking a bottle with justice —, when a constable brought a fine girl before him; however, the magistrate being engaged with his friend, bid Mr. constable take her home to his house, and bring her again the next day. “I have no objection (says he) provided your worship will commit my wife till the morning.”

A man was at another time brought before the same magistrate, when Mr. *Derrick* was present, for defamation, in calling his neighbour a *scavenger*: “Pray, Sir, (said *Derrick* to the justice) attend seriously to this charge, for to me it appears there is some very *dirty* work going forwards.”

Mr. *Derrick* being upon a journey, he came to a small hill, but hesitated on riding down it, as he doubted it was boggish at the foot; upon which he called out to a fellow that was ditching, and asked him if it was

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hard

hard at the bottom ? “ Ay, said the countryman, ’tis hard enough at bottom, I’ll be bound for’t !” — *Derrick* went on, but in a few steps the horse sunk up to his belly. “ Why you clod-hopping rascal (said he) did you not tell me it was hard at bottom ?” “ Ay, (replied the ditcher) but you are not half way to the bottom yet.”

A certain nobleman intending to inclose a great part of the common adjoining to his estate, was, in Mr. *Derrick*’s presence, saying that he must send for a carpenter and order him to rail it in ; “ My Lord, (says *Derrick*) you certainly may avoid a great part of the expence ; for if you do but get *posts* the neighbours round about will find you *railing* enough.”

A little poem called an *Ode to a Scold*, being handed about at Bath and much talked of, a certain married gentleman expressed a great desire of having a copy of it. —

“ Phsaw !

“Phsaw! (says *Derrick*) why should you want a *copy* — step but to your lodgings, and you may see the *original*.”

A gentleman having wrote an epitaph on a deceased friend, shewed it to Mr. *Derrick* for his opinion: “Sir, said he, I never read any thing better suited to the mournful occasion,—for I believe they are the *saddest* lines that ever were penned.”

A short time after Mr. *Derrick* was created king of Bath, a subscription was set on foot, in order to purchase shoes for an hospital of women at Bath. Accordingly *Quin* was, among others, applied to; but he refused to give any thing; saying, “Look’ye, Mr. *Derrick*, I love to promote a charity as well as any man, but methinks this can hardly bear the name of it, and so I’ll give nothing; — for ’tis a maxim with me, that those who *ride* should shoe their own *mares*.”

Quin said the word *wanton*, signified to *want one* to satisfy our desires : “ If it were so (says *Derrick*) the word would be *obsolete*, for while there are women in the world, men will not *want one*.”

Mr. *Derrick* has many times diverted company by relating the following story :——
 There was a certain venerable fellow in a college of one of our universities, who was remarkable for two things ; a great stock of wit, and as great a stomach. There was not a college in town could have a feast, but he was certainly there to furnish the table with mirth, and shew the keenness of his appetite ; for as he spoke more than six, so he eat more than any six that sat near him. At one of the public entertainments, where he was a guest, after half an hour’s facetiousness and gluttony, just as the last course was going to be removed, he was observed to be much concerned, and
 look

look with an unusual melancholy; every body wondered at the doctor's gloominess; at last the dean of the chapel, who sat opposite to him, asked him the reason. "Sir, answered he, I am very ill; I am exceedingly out of order." "Dear doctor, answered the dean, you look well and rosy, your colour is fresh, and you don't seem to have lost your stomach." "Mr. Dean, replied our reverend trencherman, however well my looks may be, my case is desperate; I am not long a man of this world. The proof is too plain; for when I had my health, I never dined in this hall, but before the last course was removed, my fursingle fairly touched the margin of this table; you see, notwithstanding my best endeavour at the venison pasty, I am now distant full *three Inches*. It is no touchers, my stomach fails, and I am a gone man." "Is that the case?" cried the Dean; courage Doctor, though you have not reached to a *toucher*, for you must know we have had the table

removed six inches farther from the bench which you sit on, and therefore, instead of losing *three inches*, you have gained *three* in that prodigious rotundity of flesh.—“O ho! is that the business, ’tis well enough then,” answered the Doctor, with a smile upon his countenance, and immediately resumed his gaiety, drank his two bottles, and rolled home to his chambers with the utmost satisfaction and complacency of mind.

Mr. *Derrick* sent his servant to fetch the tragedy of *Oedipus king of Thebes* from the table in his bed-chamber; the fellow came back, and said he could find no such thing *Obediah king of the Bees*. “Why, you stupid fool, cried Mr. *Derrick*, you deserve to have your bones broke for being such a *drone*.”

Mr. *Derrick* has been heard to say, that he never was more diverted than at the following incident: Going through the Strand one evening he detected a boy in picking his pocket, and, seizing him, had determined

to have him committed, when the boy begged heartily for mercy; “for, (said he) indeed, Sir, it is my *first* offence;—here’s your own handkerchief again, and take any of these *five* you like best.”

Upon Mr. *Derrick’s* hearing of the D— of ———’s marriage with Miss ———, who bore but a light character, he said, “He is continually dabbling in the *public funds*.”

Upon lady ———’s coming into the pump-room, she told Mr. *Derrick*, that since she had seen him she had been much afflicted with the gout; he expressed much concern at her ladyship’s indisposition, and observed, that the gout was the certain consequence of extravagant *whoring* and *drinking*.

A gentleman who went by the name of the *wooden Orator*, having determined an argument in public company in a very conclusive

lusive manner,—by saying, if it were not for
 he would be d—d to the most distant regions
 of the infernal world ;— a lady present ob-
 served, that his argument was *short* and *pithy*.
 On which *Derrick* said,—“ The *pith* of
wood is, with the same propriety, called the
sap:— Pray do you not mean *sappy*,
 Madam ?”

At a tavern-meeting, Mr. *Derrick* find-
 ing himself much intoxicated, slipped from
 the company, and reeled home to bed. Next
 day meeting one of the party who re-
 proached him with going away without tak-
 ing leave of his companions, says he, “ In-
 deed you ought to excuse me, for if I did
 not *take leave* of the company, I staid till I
 had entirely *taken leave* of myself.”

Mr. *Derrick* being on a visit at a gentle-
 man's seat in Derbyshire, went on a Sunday
 to church with the rest of the family, but
 the clerk being a miserable singer, he told
 his

his friend, he'd be hang'd if ever they caught him there again. "Why so?" says the gentleman. "Because (replied he) I have been belaboured about the ears with a parcel of *fiaves*—to some tunes!"

A gentleman, in the presence of Mr. *Derrick*, remonstrating to his wife on the folly of keeping company with a certain lady, who, he said, was a woman of *no character*. "Suffer me, Sir, (said *Derrick*) to interfere; that she is a woman of character is indisputable,—but that it is a *very bad one* is also generally allowed."

Derrick and *Quin* conversing on death, the latter told the former, that, were they to die at the same time, he should, according to the strength of genius, *out-spar* him, and get to heaven first. "I am rather of opinion (says *Derrick*) that I should gain the ascendant of you,—for, by G—d, you are too *heavy* to mount!"

A young lady of *Derrick's* acquaintance having refused her hand to a very deserving man, because he was poor, and being upon the point of marriage with a rich old gentleman,—“Madam, (says *Derrick*) I always took you for a woman of sense, but I have been mistaken,—I find you make *matrimony* a meer *matter-of-money*.”

A lady of fashion one day told Mr. *Derrick* that she had, the night before, a most shocking dream,—which was, that he was in bed with her, and that she was near *fainting away* at the very thought.—“Oh! Madam, said he, for heaven's sake fulfil your vision, and give me *entrance* to your chamber to-night.” No, (replies the lady) I cannot do that, for then — I certainly should *swoon* in earnest.”

A young Macaroni who had been at France, and was extremely desirous of let-

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ting every body know that he understood the language of that country, meeting *Derrick* one morning bid him *Bonjour*.—"Why (says *Derrick*) I generally have a pretty good morning of it,—for I always avoid the coffee-houses where there is any danger of meeting you."

In a conversation between lady ——— and Mr. *Derrick*, the former said, "She wondered how it came about that a certain nobleman and his wife lived so unhappily, since he was a gentleman of real merit, and she a lady of strict virtue :— and, (adds lady ———) you know *Derrick*, a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." "Ay, Madam, (returns he) but the brightest jewel in his crown (*good temper*) is unfortunately lost!"

The same lady, at another time, having a dispute with Mr. *Derrick*, told him, by way of joke, That if he did not give up the argument,

argument, she would put him in her *patch-box*. “Madam, says he, you are at full liberty to do so; and, should you condescend to use me as a patch, I beg you will — stick me upon your lips.”

A very tall lady who bore but a light character, one day jesting with Mr. *Derrick* on his being short, said, that if he was her husband, she should be obliged to have a pair of stilts made, otherwise he would never be able to reach her face when she gave him leave to kiss her. — “No, Madam, (says he) that expence might very well be spared, for were I married to you, I believe I should cut your legs off!”

A number of gentlemen going out a fox-hunting, asked Mr. *Derrick* to partake the diversion of the chase, which he refused; and being asked the reason — “Why, says he, you must know that I think fox-hunting is very nearly allied to man-hunting,

ing,

ing, and, as I had ever a strong antipathy to bailiffs, I can't bear the thoughts of it."

Mr. *Derrick* being one morning at a coffee-house in Bath, was much disturbed by a very noisy gentleman who sat at a small distance from him; upon which he enquired who the spark was? a gentleman opposite, told him he was one of those gentry who are called *Rooks*. "A *Rook*, Sir, (says *Derrick*) zounds, 'tis impossible — by his chattering I am sure he is a *Mag-pye*!"

A miserly old fellow having made *Derrick* a promise, bound it with saying, "Upon my soul, my dear friend, I will not disappoint you." The old Hunks, however, was not so good as his word; upon which the party aggrieved waited on him, and demanded the contents of his bureau. "What! dy'e mean to rob me?" quoth *Gripus*. "No, replied *Derrick*, but you
F pawned

pawned your soul to me, and have not yet redeemed it — therefore your soul, that is your money, old boy, is mine by all the laws of logic."

Mr. *Derrick* used to say, that the king of Bath was the happiest monarch under the sun, for as *pleasure* was his only aim, there was seldom any *opposition*."

When the news of the famous Heber's death arrived at Bath, it occasioned the following Bon-mots at one of the card-tables : — " Poor Heber ! (says Lord —) then thou'rt *jackey'd* at last." — " Ay, (replies Col. —) he has run on the wrong side of the post. — I wonder whether he's gone to heaven or not." " No, certainly — (reassumes his Lordship) if he attempts it, by G—d he'll be *distanced* !"

Mr. *Derrick* being asked his opinion of a young Rake at Bath, who went under the
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denomination of a knowing one, — said,
 “ he did not pretend to any great skill in
 physiognomy ; but he believed he could
 venture to pronounce that the young gen-
 tleman would one day be fixed in a very
 EXALTED *Station*.”

The famous twenty-thousand pounds
 J——s, came one day up to Lord C——
 in the walks, and, with a rueful face, told
 him he had lost every shilling he was worth
 in the world the night before at the hazard
 table, and intreated his Lordship would
 lend him a guinea. His Lordship had too
 much generosity to refuse any man who
 could address him with so much familiarity
 for so trifling a loan. J——s was no sooner
 possessed of the money, than he posted im-
 mediate to the billiard-table, where his Lord-
 ship soon after accidentally met him : His
 Lordship was desirous of amusing himself
 with a game, but finding no body to play
 with, was upon the point of retiring, when

J——s told his Lordship if he chose to play he would divert him. “You know, (says his Lordship) J——s, I don’t love to play for nothing.” “By no means (returns J——) please your Lordship, (putting his guinea into one of the nets) I will play with your Lordship for a guinea.” “His Lordship, unwilling to expose him, accepted of the challenge, and they according set to, when his Lordship lost every game. By this time the room was pretty full of those gentlemen vulgarly called Knowing-Ones, who perceiving what a good thing J——s had, were very willing to partake of the spoils, and according proposed many bets, which his Lordship accepted. J——s still continued winning, but was very unwilling to be the instrument of conveyance of his Lordship’s money into any pocket but his own, and, at length, throwing down the stick, said, “he would not play another stroke if his Lordship persevered in betting.” Upon this, his Lordship observed, “that

as those *worthy gentlemen* did him the honor to attend him wherever he went, he thought the least he could do was to support his *retinue*."

Mention being made of Mr. *Derrick's* poetical abilities when that gentleman was in company, a certain physician, on whom *Derrick* had written a lampoon, said, the greatest curse that could possibly attend any man would be, the forcing him to read *Derrick's Poetry*; "No, Doctor, (replies *Derrick*). I'll tell you what would be a far greater—the taking your *physic*!"

On Mr. *Derrick's* offering himself as a candidate for the office of master of the ceremonies, it was expected that a gentleman of fortune would put up for the place, It being observed to Mr. *Derrick*, by a friend,—he replied, "Were he as rich as *Croesus* I should not fear, for you know,

as Pope says, *riches* are no token of the *Elect.*"

Some years before Mr. *Derrick* was elected master of the ceremonies, a person, whose circumstances were but slender, received many favours from him.—The connection between Mr. *Derrick* and this gentleman was broke off by the latter going abroad. In a few years, however, he returned, on the death of a relation, who had left him a considerable estate; and happening to be at Bath when Mr. *Derrick* was a candidate for the place of master of the ceremonies, *Derrick* waited on his old friend, whom he had not seen for a considerable time, in expectation of being well received; but the (now) monied man not only refused to interest himself in his election, but even treated him with less politeness than he would have shewn to a stranger. *Derrick* thought himself used extremely ill, and accordingly sent the gentleman a chal-

challenge; who returned for answer, that “though *Sam Derrick* might be tired of his life, he was not, and therefore would not fight.”——In a few days after he left Bath, and *Derrick* was chosen master of the ceremonies without the assistance of his perfidious friend.

As *Mr. Derrick* could never forget the shameful manner in which the above-mentioned gentleman treated him, he would sometimes mention the affair in company; the last time he told the story, *J——s* (of whom mention has been already made) was present, and upon *Derrick's* asking him whether he thought the conduct of his friend consistent with *common honesty*, “Faith, (says *J——s*) you had best appeal to some other person——for, by G—d, I am no judge!”

Mr. Derrick, falling into company with a sea officer at Bath, and the discourse turning

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ing upon hunting, the captain gave the following droll description of a Chace:—

“ Our horses being completely rigged, we manned them to their full complement, and the wind being at north and by east, at seven ante-meridian, a fleet of twenty set sail over the Downs. In about three-quarters of a watch we spied a Hare under a full gale; we tacked and stood after her, crouding all the sail we could; but coming close up to her, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; however, getting close off, I stood after her again; but, unluckily, just as we were about to lay her aboard, bearing too much wind, my horse and I overfet, and came keel upwards.”

Mr. *Derrick* and a number of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, once performed the play of *King-Lear*. The gentleman who played the *bastard*, by some mistake, came on the stage sooner than

than he ought to have done, which being noticed by the audience, he was so much confused that he was unable to proceed in the part. On his retiring behind the scenes, a friend asked him, as he seemed so imperfect, whether he had not studied the part. “ Sir, (says *Derrick*) how the devil should he be *perfect* when he came before his time.”

Captain B—— pointing to the honourable Miss——, asked Mr. *Derrick* if she was not maid of honour to her majesty? to which Mr. *Derrick* answered, “ No, Sir, she is *Receiver-General* of the *corporation of Bath*.”

In a select company, of which Mr. *Derrick* was one, the discourse turning upon the duty of a member of parliament, serious and sensible argument, at length, subsided, and wit and pleasantry took place; when Mr. *Derrick* told the following story.

When

When the members of an august assembly were debating on the Union Act, the celebrated Mr. Addison, who had some impediment in his speech, rose up, and, addressing himself to the Speaker, said, "Mr. Speaker—I conceive"—here he could go no farther; then rising again, he repeated, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive,"—still unable to proceed, he sat down again:—A third time he arose, but still could say nothing more than, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive."—upon which, a young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility than the Secretary, arose, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I am very sorry to find that the good *gentlewoman* over the way has *conceived* three times,—and *brought forth nothing!*"

It was now proposed, that every person in company should follow Mr. *Derrick's* example, with this restriction, that each story should be confined to members of parliament,

liament, and it being agreed to, the following were produced :

A certain member of a former parliament having heard many Speeches in the house, to the great applause of the Speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory ; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself : It was on a motion being made in the House for enforcing the execution of some statute ; on which public spirited motion, the Orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows :

“ Mr. Speaker,—Have we *laws*, or have we not *laws* !—If we have *laws*, and they are not observed, to what end were those *laws* made ? ”——So saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence ; when another Member rose
up

up, and delivered his thoughts in these words :

“ Mr. Speaker—— did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the *purpose*, or not speak to the *purpose*? If he did not speak to the *purpose*, to what *purpose* did he speak ?”—Which apropos reply set the House into such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

A member of parliament in the reign of Charles the II^d, who thought himself a very great statesman, had foretold the death of a certain sovereign, and strictly ordered his servants to admit every person to his presence at whatever hour they came, who should desire to see him. About five in the morning the supposed messenger arrives, and, on desiring to see Sir John, is conducted into an elegant apartment; in a few minutes down comes Sir John in his shirt, and asks,—“ Well, is he dead ?” “ Yes, and

and please your honour :” “ Are you sure he is dead ?” resumes the knight ; “ Ay, and please you, he is, answered the messenger, as sure as you’re alive.” “ Why then, says Sir John, here are twenty guineas for your intelligence ; and when did the *king of France* die ?” “ The king of France, your honour ! replies the messenger ; I know nought of him,— but I am sure your Honour’s steward died on Monday night at your seat in Worcestershire,—and I am come to beg your Honour will let me supply his place.”

Another member in the same reign having made a most elaborate speech, the purport of which was, that a bill might be brought in to purge the House of whoremasters and drunkards : Another member said, that he hoped a clause would be added to expel the knaves and fools—*and then* (said he) I am confident we shall have but a very thin house.

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When

When the famous Jew-Bill was debating in the H—— of C——, Mr. P——m, finding the arguments running strongly against him, and that Mr. L——, who had a very happy method of delivery, had made no small impression by his last harangue, rose up and told the following story: “I remember, said he, travelling a few years ago in Somersetshire with two ladies who were sisters; we were in a very easy carriage; the roads were remarkably good, and we went on particularly pleasant; notwithstanding this, one of the ladies was in continual terror, crying out at every little jolt, “Lord, we shall be over! we shall certainly be killed! I wish I had never ventured this journey!—Bless me! there again—well, we shall positively never get out out alive.” Finding this lady so extremely timorous and terrified, I inquired of her sister whether the coachman was a sober man, and understood his business. To which

I was answered, "She had never seen him intoxicated, and that he had driven them for many years, without any accident having ever happened, and that there was not a more able coachman in the whole county."

—I then inquired if he was acquainted with the road? To this I was also answered, "Nobody knew it better, and that he had driven them that very road at least fifty times." These informations made me greatly astonished at the lady's terrors, which not only continued, but seemed much increased. Her sister perceiving my surprise at her behaviour, desired me "to make myself quite easy, for that her sister was really under no apprehensions; but that fancying herself possessed of an agreeable voice, she took every opportunity of hearing it."

P O E T R Y

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The Hamadryads to Lord G—ve—r, *on his preventing some beautiful Rows of Trees from being cut down, near a Place of public Entertainment.*

AS faunt'ring, without cash or care,
Sir Sable stalk'd to breathe the air;
 Chance led him to that beauteous grove,
 Where *Chelsea's* vet'rans love to rove;
 Here the maim'd soldier *stumps* along,
 And hears the blackbird's ev'ning song;
 Or stretch'd at ease, now safe from wars,
 Talks of old deeds, and counts his scars:
 Broad elms their branches intertwine,
 Birds tune their notes—almost divine!

Aroun

Around his raptur'd Eye explores,
 Whilst from old Thames's sedgy shores,
 Responsive echo swells the sound,
 And makes the whole enchanted ground.

Attentive stood the Knight awhile,
 And grinn'd—as if he meant to smile;
 But some curst Demon, stung with spite
 At Nature, pregnant with delight!
 With cringing compliments drew near,
 And thus the flatterer footh'd his ear:
 “My good old friend, by fame renown'd,
For spoiling many a piece of ground!
 Who op'st thy hospitable door
 To all good comers—but the poor!
 Yet here fair ladies, full as needy,
 Meet with relief both sure and speedy,
 When, gather'd from a fortnight's savings,
 Thou get'st *good things* to stop their *cravings*;
 And cramming down thy tarts and Jellies,
 Stuff at both ends their hungry bellies:
 Who keep'st in friendship with the great,
 So long as thou can'st raise—a treat;

And liv'st this sov'reign truth to prove,
That pudding is the bond of love!

For these—and more which I cou'd tell,
 My good old friend, I wish thee well!
 To prove I am the friend I seem,
 Now listen to a glorious scheme:

“ Prick up thine ears, and raise thine eyes,
 What notes—what beauteous scenes arise!
 Who'll fly to R——gh thrice a week,
 To hear them quaver, squall and squeak;
 And there o'er tea and coffee doze,
 Whilst here they gratis can repose;
 View intermingled groves and plains,
 And listen to enchanting strains!”

Quoth Knight, with most sagacious squint,
 “ Good Mr. Dev'l—I take your hint—
 Ere thrice the glorious fun goes round,
 These prostrate trees shall strew the ground.”

Led hither by propitious fate,
 Gr--n--r o'erheard the foul debate.

While

While rage inflam'd his gen'rous breast
He thus the dismal pair address.

“ Who are these slaves, who mean t' in-
vade,

With impious rage, this sacred shade ?
Whose seeds a father's honour'd hand
Lodg'd in this chosen spot of land ;
Pleas'd that a future shade should rise,
A shelter from inclement skies !
And he who hence shall dare convey,
By fraud or force, one single spray,
Shall meet with treatment d—n'd uncivil,
Be he a Knight, mock Duke, or Devil.”
Sir Sable, saddl'd with disgrace,
Put on a rueful length of face ;
He saw the fav'rite project quash'd,
For even the Devil look'd abash'd ;
And thinking now 'twas past a joke,
Both, vanish'd in a cloud of smoke.

By me, the Hamadryads send,
And greet thee, Gr—n—r, for their friend :

And

And soon as the revolving year
 Shall in the pride of spring appear;
 When nature dons her best array,
 Here humbly if thou deign'st to stray;
 Should Sol with sultry beams invade,
 Each tree shall pay thee with its shade.
 The little tenants of the grove,
 For thee awhile shall cease to love;
 Grateful, their sweetest notes prolong,
 And pay their *quit-rent* with a song.

Upon the Cardinal de Crema, the Pope's Legate, his being found in bed with a Courtezan, after having prohibited Marriage to the Clergy, by the severest Penalties, in the Reign of Henry I.

“Thrice be triple vengeance spread
 Over his devoted head,
 Transfix'd with thunder from above,
 The minister of angry Jove,
 That dares in marriage joys profane
 His consecrated hands to stain,

Rise from a strumpet's lewd embrace,
 To pray for purity and grace.
 Chaste and unstain'd by marriage bliss,
 Nor e'en polluted with a kiss,
 Be he, to whom the care is giv'n
 To execute the charge of heaven."

Thus with a stern forbidding eye,
 That seem'd to shun all love and joy,
 Spoke the chaste, holy, temp'rate priest ;
 Then hurried to the midnight feast,
 Where beauteous *Cloe* had agreed
 To do whatever he decreed,
 And lost his precepts, with his arms
 Entwin'd, in her transporting charms :
 Thus shew'd, the difference how feint
 Between a sinner and a saint.

Says Dolly — " Me, Thomas, you promis'd to wed,
 And I, silly girl, believ'd all that you said."

" That

“ That I promis’d to wed you, and love you,
 ’tis true,
 But I’ve try’d you, my Doll, and I find you
 won’t do.”

*Inscribed on a Column erected on a Piece of
 Land that had been often bought and sold.*

I, whom thou seest begirt with tow’ring
 oaks,

Was once the property of John o’Nokes;
 On him prosperity no longer smiles;
 And now I feed the flocks of John o’Stiles.
 My former master called me by his name;
 My present owner fondly does the same;
 While I, alike unworthy of their cares,
 Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs:
 Let no one henceforth take me for his own,
 For Fortune! Fortune! I am thine alone.

On the present Mode of Head-dressing, 1769.

In days of old, when Virtue plac'd

Her trust in ev'ry fair,

Men were by flowing perukes grac'd,

And women wore their hair.

How chang'd that decent mode of dress is

By ev'ry Belle and Prig!

The Men appear in plaister'd tresses,

—Each Woman wears a wig!

Written in 1768.

The dearth of genius doubly we deplore,

For nothing can be truer,

Than that there never were of Verses more,

Nor yet of Poets fewer.

*To Doctor H***.*

Thou effence of Dock, of Valerian, and
Sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst we can wish thee for all thy
damn'd crimes,
Is to take thy own phyfic, and read thy own
rhymes !

A N S W E R.

Your wish must be in form revers'd
To suit the Doctor's crimes,—
For if he takes his phyfic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

Another Answer by Dr. H—.

In my disposition pray what do you see,
That to this vile proposal you think I'll
agree ?
I'll take neither Dock, Sage, nor Balsam of
Honey ;
Do you take the Phyfic—and I'll take the
Money. On

On the new Pavement.

The new Scottish pavement is worthy of
praise ;——

We're indebted to Scotland for *mending our*
ways ;

But what we can never forgive 'em (some
say)

Is, that they have taken our *posts* all away.

*On a gentleman who mistook a kept Mistress
for a Lady of Fashion.*

Six tedious months young Damon sigh'd,——

In vain his amorous tale ;

He su'd—— but Chloe still deny'd——

No efforts cou'd prevail !

At length he try'd the pow'r of gold,——

She soon to chide forgot ;

The fair-one was no longer cold,

But prov'd, alas !—— too hot !

A SENTIMENT.

Bacchus, prepare a bowl of wine,
 Fill—'till it swells above the brink;
 Give me your aid, ye tuneful nine,—
 Like you I'll sing—Like Bacchus drink !

But while for pleasure thus I burn,
 Shou'd *blasphemy* my lays inspire,
 May heav'n the wine to poison turn,
 And I in agonies expire !

A REMEDY for LOVE.

Within th' afflicted body pour
 A pint of burgundy an hour ;
 And if that don't remove the pain,
 Each hour add — just as much again !

A N S W E R.

Who takes your counsel must be cured of
 roving,—
 For soon 'twill rob him of the *pow'r* of
 loving !

To a young Lady upon her being displeased:

Should you, fair Fretful, turn towards the
glass,

That ugly frown would fix upon your face:

*On a very amiable young Lady with an im-
mence fortune.*

When Cloris dies, mankind may weeping
say,

She leaves the world — not half she takes
away!

*To a Lady who declared that Love was a
selfish Passion.*

That love's a selfish passion can't be true,
Since I would freely give MYSELF to YOU!

E P I T A P H S.

Here lies that doubly-broken soul of whim,
Who spent his fortune — and his fortune
him.

On

*On a Gentleman supposed to have fallen a Victim
at the Shrine of Venus.*

A lesson learn from his instructive tomb,
Who, thro' his *Wife's*, has reach'd his *Mo-
ther's* womb!

*On a Grave-stone in a Country Church-yard
in Northampton.*

Time was I stood where thou dost now,
And view'd the dead as thou dost me;
Ere long thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand and look on thee.

F I N I S.



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